Portia. Too long a pause for that which you finde there.

Arag. VVhat's here? the pourtrait of a blinking Ideot,
Presenting me a Scedule: I will reade it.
How much unlike art thou to *Portia?*
How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings?
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
Did I deserve no more than a fooles head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Por. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures. *Arrag.* VVhat is here?

The Fire seven times tried this,
Seven times tryed that judgement is,
That did never choose amisse:
Some there be that shadowes kisse;
Such have but a shadowes blisse.
There be fooles alive I wis,
Silver'd o're, and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, you are sped.

Arrag. Still more foole I shall appeare
By the time I linger here:
With one fooles head I came to woo,
But I goe away with two.
Sweet adiew, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my wroth.

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moath:
O these deliberate fooles, when they doe choose,
They have their wisdome by their wit to loose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresie,
Hanging and wiving goes by destinie.

Por. Come draw the curtaine *Nerrissa.*

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Where is my Lady?

Por. Here, what would my Lord?

Mess. Madam, there is a-lighted at your gate

A young

A young Venetian, one that com
To signifie th'aproaching of his
From whom he bringeth sensib
To wit, (besides commends and
Gifts of rich value; yet I have
So likely an Embassadour of lo
A day in April never came so sw
To show how costly Summer
As this fore-spurrer comes befo

Portia. No more I pray thee
Thou wilt say anone he is some
Thou spendst such high day wi
Come, come, *Nerryssa*, for I lon
Quicke *Cupids* Post that come

Nerrisso. Bassanio, Lord, L

Solanio and

Solanio. Now what newes

Salari. Why yet it lives th
ship of rich lading wrackt on t
thinke they call the place, a ver
the carcasses of many a tall ship
report be an honest woman of

Solanio. I would she were
knapt Ginger, or made her neig
death of a third husband: but i
lixity, or crossing the plain high
thonio, the honest *Anthonio*; C
keepe his name company.

Salari. Come, the full stop.

Solanio. Ha, what sayest thou

Salari. I would it might pr

Solanio. Let me say Amen b
prayer, for heere he comes in th
Shylocke, what newes among th

Shy. You knew, none so wel
ters flight.

Salari. Thats certaine, I
made the wings she flew with

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